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WINDS PROPHETIC.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

A child sat watching the dying rays
Of the setting sun, with thoughtful gaze,
And she strapped her toys and softly stole
Away, to dream of her own life's goal.
For the child in years had a poet's soul.

And life to her was a mystic dream;
And the fitful wind came sweeping past,
To charm her ear with its sad refrain.
But she knew not then, from the sighing blast,
If life were wedded to joy or pain.
It told of the years that must come and go,
And bring to her young life woe or woe.
How the yearning heart so longed to know
What the years to her life would bring.

* * * * * * *

Years pass, the child is a maiden now,
With a graceful step and thoughtful brow;
And the maiden dreams as the child had done,
But her dreams are not of the setting sun.
But of love in her young heart just begun.

And life is a song of bliss
But the wind is sighing a mournful lute,
Like a solemn dirge or a funeral knell,
And she bends her ear to the bitter wail,
To hear what its sighs will tell:
It tells of coming years of pain;
It tells of the sunshine and the rain,
And it closes the song with a sweet refrain
Of peace and quiet joy.

And the maiden full to a woman grew,
With a heart of tried and ever true.
But the woman's dream was full of pain,
For her early hopes were with the slain,
And friendship's ties were rent in twain.

And life seemed a dreary void.
Ah! then the wind's low voice was heard,
And hope to its accents seemed to cling,
And she bent her head, like a weary bird,
To hear what its sound would bring.
It told of a love that was conquered—dead;
It told how false were the friends who fled,
And it murmured low, as it softly said:
"Be strong, for thy heart is true."

* * * * * * *

Time drifts along, and a woman still,
With noble strength and an iron will
She has broken the fetters that bound her fast,
And climbed to the heights of fame at last;
And nobler ties than the buried past
Fill her life with a sweet content.
Now she hears the wind sing a holy song
In the branches above her head,
And she shouts away from the gay world's throng
To listen to what is said.
It tells of a noble, lofty name,
How perfect now with the flest years came;
It tells how her early loss was gain,
And life, now, peace and joy.

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

(This story was commenced in No. 51 Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XV.

SERGEANT KERR'S CHASE.

Allen Brooks left Washington's tent in doubt as to whether his mission had not been useless, fearing that no stilling hood would be given to his warning as to give Howe's army a fatal advantage.

But on mounting the horse that was held for him just outside the tent, this doubt vanished. His own saddle and bridle had been changed for the new animal, which was a clean-built, spirited horse, with every sign of speed and endurance. This attention to his request seemed to him an earnest of Washington's trust in his word.

"That's a fine creature," said the soldier who held the horse while he mounted. "If you're in a hurry you'll find his legs make short work of the ground."

"I will give him a sharp trial, my friend," said Brooks. "I hope you will keep an eye on my horse in the meantime, for I intend to exchange back at the first chance."

"Trust me for that," said the soldier, as he pocketed the coin handed him.

Brooks gave his horse the rein, and was soon riding rapidly out of camp, the free action of the horse, and the athletic, handsome figure of the rider being followed by many eyes.

These looks were repaid by the horseman, who cast incessant glances from right to left, as if in search of familiar faces. He gave a breath of relief as he passed the outer lines of the camp, and drew out into the open road. Before him spread a rich, rolling country, dotted here and there with woodland, the road which he followed stretching far forward like a white stream.

Here and there appeared straggling groups of soldiery, out on various duties of the camp. A larger body was visible at a distance, marching as with intent to join the army. Just topping a hill at several miles distance, there was dimly seen a small body of horse.

Brooks rode on with a free rein, making no effort to avoid the troops seen, but keeping his eyes fixed on the spot where the troopers might be expected to reappear.

Reaching the top of a second ridge he saw them, descending an opposite slope, and not half a mile distant. It was evident, too, that they had discerned him, for he perceived the one in advance pointing towards him. If it had been his purpose to avoid this troop he now showed no evidence of it. In fact, just where he was, there was little chance to do so, without galloping over cultivated fields in full view, or turning back on the road he was following.

Either movement would have been suspicious, and he took the bolder course of riding directly on, with the trust that he would not be known to them. He had been pursued so often by the cavalry as to give him reason to avoid all scouting parties.

Five minutes more brought them into immediate proximity. The keen grey eyes of the scout were now thrown into the sharpest exercise on the problem before him.

The body of troopers numbered some twenty men, at their head a stout, whiskered officer, and near him a thin, oldish, sour-faced man, with the stripes of a sergeant.

To the left, between Brooks and the troopers, a narrow lane ran into the road they were traversing.

He had stirred up his horse to reach this lane before it could be covered by the cavalry. Nor was this caution unnecessary, for he had already recognized them as his most energetic and persistant foes.

"Captain Conrad, by all that's unlucky," he muttered. "Here have I ridden right into the lion's mouth. There's likely to be a sharp brush before I escape the gallant Captain's clutch."

There were eyes in the opposite party as keen as his own. Sergeant Kerr had not forgotten his discomfiture by the spy. He now rode rapidly out in advance of the troop, calling loudly:

"Halt there, my man! I want to bring you back, and I've got you now. It's Brooks, lads! It's the British spy! On him, boys, with spear and sabre, for he is as keen and tricky as a fox."

"Forward, lads!" cried the deep voice of Captain Conrad. "There's fifty pounds offered for the man who brings him into camp."

He had hardly spoken, however, before there was a decided change in the aspect of affairs. Brooks was not a man to be easily captured, and Sergeant Kerr was destined to pay involuntary evidence to his estimate of the spy's trickiness.

The Sergeant had craftily covered the mouth of the lane, but not a second did Brooks hesitate.

"Now, my gallant fellow," he said, patting his horse's neck as he gave him the rein, "do your best, for it's life or death."

The proud animal, quickened by the spur, sprang forward like a racer, rushing full against the opposing horse with such impetus that the animal was hurled to the ground, and the gallant Sergeant rolled over in the dust.

Instantly recovering from the shock a second spring placed Brooks within the mouth of the lane, to the utter surprise of his confident foes.

"After me, who can and will!" he shouted. "They'll have swift steeds that follow."

There was something noble in his action and attitude as he turned with a courteous wave of the hand to his foes, his fine face beaming.

Captain Conrad had witnessed this movement with a surprise which was mingled with amusement at the disaster to Sergeant Kerr. The latter instantly struggled to his feet, white with dust, and his face full of malevolence. He fired a pistol spitefully after the fugitive shooting as he did so:

"Halt, you thundering blackguard, or I'll riddle you with bullets!"

A laugh of derision was the only answer. It was echoed by the troopers, as they rode by the enraged Sergeant, answering to the stirring troop call of their leader.

But the fallen horse obstructed their entrance to the lane, and Brooks was a full hundred yards in advance, before the first of his pursuers got fairly on his track.

And now the value of Washington's gift was to be fairly tested. There were some good mounts in the troop. The Captain rode a grey horse of much spirit. The inducement, too, to make this capture was great. He was a spy who had been of serious injury to their cause, and there was a price upon his head, so that they were impelled by both avarice and patriotism.

Up the narrow, dusty lane went the chase, the thud of hoofs and the cries of the troopers making a music to which that quiet country scene was little accustomed.

Sergeant Kerr had again mounted, and was already near the head of the troop. The old fellow was a splendid rider, and had a tough sinewy horse which was not surpassed for speed in the army.

But there was no shade of anxiety in Brooks' face as a mile was left behind and he still retained his advantage.

The troop was now stretched in a long line along the road, only the Captain and Sergeant being within the original distance.

A disdainful shout, a mocking wave of the hand, showed the satisfied feeling of the fugitive, as he shook the reins of his flying horse, and spoke to him in encouraging tones.

THERE ROSE BEFORE THEM THE WALLS OF A STRONGLY-BUILT LOG CABIN.

The insult was answered by a shot from the remaining pistol of the Sergeant, and an angry cry from Captain Conrad, whose blood was now fairly up.

The pace they were making could not long be maintained. Another mile and the horse of Captain Conrad showed evident signs of breaking. The troopers were all distanced. Sergeant Kerr's horse, however, showed his bottom by thundering onward with unabated speed. And in advance the fugitive rode with the race course rapidity which he had so far maintained.

"I'll have you yet, you bloody spy and villain!" roared the spiteful Sergeant. "And it will be the rope first and the lock afterward, if we catch you now."

"The rope first be it then," replied the fugitive. "I take you at your word, Sergeant Kerr. But take care that I do not serve up your own sauce to your pudding."

The lane was left. They entered upon a broad, high road, leading west. Captain Conrad now drew up and proceeded at a more leisurely pace. He seemed to fear that his horse would be quite foundered.

The two others, however, rode with unabated speed. Another mile, two miles, were left behind. The problem of toughness against pure speed began to tell. The horse of the spy was evidently failing. That of the Sergeant came on with the same long, even, swift stride as at first. The distance between them was now rapidly being lessened.

"That is a fine horse, Sergeant Kerr," said Brooks, looking back, without a sign of fear or discomposure. "Where is such stock raised?"

"On the Kerr homestead, in Lancaster county," replied the pursuer, in a tone of pride. "There is no better in the country. It is just the stock to ride down spies and traitors."

"They laugh best who laugh last, Sergeant Kerr," was the cool reply of the fugitive, as he turned and seemed to be again anxiously urging his horse.

With a shout of triumph the Sergeant gained yard after yard, drawing his sabre as he drew near the spy.

"Yield yourself, or I will cut you down from crown to chine!" roared the harsh voice of the trooper.

"Cut and be hanged!" came in disdainful tones from the spy.

Not ten yards now separated them. It diminished to eight, six, four yards. The pursuer rose in his stirrups, with uplifted sabre.

To all appearances he intended to keep his word, and affairs looked dark for the flying spy. But Sergeant Kerr had not built on all the craftiness of his opponent.

With a sudden hard pressure on the reins Brooks brought his horse to a stand. Unable to check his or to use his weapon the Sergeant in an instant rode by. But a strong hand was at his rein, a vigorous wrist tore his weapon from his grasp, he felt himself torn from his saddle with such a grip impelled by both avarice and patriotism.

In an instant Brooks had leaped to the ground with his struggling but helpless prisoner.

"You would have killed me. I will not be so hard on you," he coolly said, dragging the Sergeant to the trunk of an oak tree by the side of the road.

He was so held that kick and strike as he would he was utterly unable to escape that fierce grip. In an instant more he found himself drawn close against the trunk of the tree with a rope, which was rapidly passed several times round his body.

In a moment more it was securely tied behind him, and his hands were drawn back and strongly bound.

"The rope let it be, Sergeant Kerr, since you have chosen the rope," spoke the mocking voice of his foe. "As you have run my horse down, I will borrow yours. A fair exchange is no robbery, you know."

As he spoke, he was quickly changing his own saddle to the Sergeant's horse, amid the bitter curses of his prisoner.

"I will have your blood for this, if it takes me a lifetime," roared the latter.

"Don't get excited, Sergeant," was the calm reply. "It heats your own blood too much. Yonder comes Captain Conrad, who will let you loose. I hope he won't tell this story in camp."

With a laugh that served as an echo to the yells of the maddened prisoner, Brooks rode off on his borrowed horse, looking back at the struggling man, whom the Captain was now approaching, until lost by a curve in the road.

We will not follow Allen Brooks in the remainder of his ride, though we must take him up again at a later hour that same day.

Or rather we should say night, for it was late at night when we again see him, under the beams of a full moon, moving cautiously through a piece of woodland in company with a much older man.

"You are sure of your ground?" he asked.

"Guess I am," said the other, with decided intonation. "Have been watching them ever since you put me on the track. The Captain and his men will be in council to-night, and not half a mile from us."

"Lead on, then," said Brooks.

Less than half a mile was made when there rose before them, through the tree trunks, the walls of a strongly built log cabin, which was entirely buried in the woods.

The old man led forward cautiously, leaning upon a long stick as he bent forward to look through a chink in the walls. Through this there came a faint ray of light, and the sound of voices could be heard within.

"Here," the captain and the whole crew are inside," said the guide. "Get your eye and ear at this crevice."

Brooks obeyed, and listened with reddening face to the conversation that was audible within.

"General Howe's army will have Philadelphia inside of a week," came a voice he well knew. "They good-bye to skulking, and bey for beauty and booty."

"It is about time, Captain," said another. "We have not made a good haul in six months."

"There are rich pickings on the other side of the Schuylkill," said the Captain. "And one of our first plans will be to finish that job which we failed in a year ago, to carry off the proud beauty, Madge Lawson."

"There may be two to have a say in that, Captain Fitz," came a threatening voice from without, which caused the outlaws to spring up and grasp their arms. "Lay hands on her again, and you will bring an avenger on your path who will not desist when there is a breath in your accursed body."

"Hell's fire, we are betrayed!" yelled the Captain, flying to the door of the hut.

As he flung it open and was on the point of darting out into the moonlight, a bullet whistled into the open doorway, causing him to draw back with startling rapidity.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Captain Conrad and his small detachment reached camp to find it enlivened by busy notes of preparation. Everywhere movements were in progress looking to an early march, and the listless idleness in which they had left the most of the army, was exchanged for the most active energy.

The Captain retained his usual jovial good humor, but this could hardly be said of Sergeant Kerr, whose usual sourness of visage had become acid enough to have turned pure water into first-proof vinegar.

"What is on foot?" cried the Captain to an officer near by. "This is not the sleepy camp I left yesterday morning."

"Marching orders," was the brief reply. "Our faces are set southward."

"Ha! It is well I got in. We don't march to-night?"

"Before to-morrow's sun. I don't know what it means, Conrad, but it looks as if the British had been smelt out. There's fighting afoot."

"So much the better. We are all getting ready," said the gallant Captain, as he rode on.

"Welcome back, Captain," said the cheery voice of Colonel McLane, as they were dismounting. "I did not look for you yet. But it is well that you are here."

"What is up?" cried the Captain, as he sprang to the ground. "You look like a bee hive here."

"There's work ahead. The British are sailing up the Chesapeake, to march overland to Philadelphia;—if they don't find trouble on the road."

"The deuce you say! If I ain't wrong they'll find it a hard road to travel," said the Captain, grimly.

"Halloa, Sergeant!" cried the Colonel. "You're looking as grim as a powder barrel. Whose stable have you been plundering for that new horse, for which you have changed your old roadster?"

A grin of amusement, unseen by the Sergeant, crossed the faces of the men, but Captain Conrad was very sober as he replied:

"It is a good nag, and look Kerr's fancy. He found the creature standing in the road."

"But where is his own horse?"

"Oh, he lent that to a friend," replied the Captain, without a smile.

"What are you grinning at, you white-livered ape?" cried the Sergeant, turning fiercely upon one of the men. "I'll turn the corners of your mouth down in a hurry, if you think to laugh at me."

"That is the horse the stranger rode into camp."

"Yes, and in General Washington's tent."

"Then there's the devil to play to earnest."

"Why what's wrong, Captain? Who is he?" asked the Colonel anxiously.

"Who? Why Allen Brooks, the British spy, set a soul free!" cried the Captain, with deep emphasis.

"Ha! Is that so?" exclaimed Colonel McLane, growing pale.

"True as gospel. We chased him for six miles. It was he that Sergeant Kerr kindly swapped horses with."

The Colonel looked at the suppressed fury in Kerr's face, and at the hardly-concealed merriment of the others, and saw that there was some fun afloat at the Sergeant's expense. But his mind was just then occupied with matter of more moment.

"The spy has sold us all," he cried, excitedly. "I half suspected the rascal. This march springs from information brought to the gentleman," he continued aside to Captain Conrad.

"Then it had better be countermanded at once," said he in deep surprise. "I would sooner take my news from Howe himself."

Colonel McLane seemed of the same opinion, by the haste with which he set off for the tent of the commander.

But the order to reverse their movement, which Captain Conrad fully expected, did not come. The preparations were completed, and at an early hour the next day the camp was struck and the whole army in full march southward.

Nor was what seemed to McLane, the idle confidence of Washington in the stranger without warrant. News soon flowed in from other sources that the fleet had disappeared from the Delaware. It had been seen in the Chesapeake. It was sailing up Elk river. The whole army of the British were making a forced march on Philadelphia.

The rapid succession of startling tidings was alarming enough. Hasty preparations were made by Washington to meet this threatening advance of the army. His army was greatly outnumbered by that of the foe, and was much its inferior in appointments. There was only the justice of their cause and the ability of their commander in which to trust.

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the forces under General Washington were extended along the Brandywine, on the near Chadd's Ford, with the purpose of intercepting the enemy.

The battle commenced by a surprise to the Americans. Cornwallis had made a long march to the left, and crossed the river at the forks, without opposition. He now marched upon the right of the American forces.

Meanwhile, the Hessian leader kept Wayne's division occupied by a threatened crossing, which he had no intention of making.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the conflict commenced. The outset of the British was impetuous, but the Americans received them with coolness and courage.

But being overpowered by numbers they were at length forced to give way, post after post being seized and obstinately held.

The fiercest fighting took place near the centre, which rested upon the little stone meeting-house of the Quakers. This, with the grave-yard, walled in by a thick stone wall, yet stands as a memento of the battle.

Within the wall was a strong body of the Americans, among them a number of Captain Conrad's troop who had dismounted and eagerly pressed forward as volunteers.

"Give it to the red-coated beggars!" cried a fierce voice, as the enemy marched in serried lines upon the wall. "Let fly for the whites of their eyes."

A rolling, irregular fire followed that told severely upon the British. They were momentarily shaken. But with shouts and cheers they came on.

"Pile it into them, lads!" cried Sergeant Kerr, busily using a rifle which he had seized.

"You're a boss, Sergeant," said a sandy-whiskered man beside him. "Lay it out, hot and heavy. They've smelt powder before. We'll make them taste lead."

Over the low wall poured a galling fire very destructive to the foe, while the Americans were cowed. The British seemed marching upon certain death.

But with unflinching obstinacy they closed up their broken ranks and came on. With drawn swords and assuring shouts the officers threw themselves at their head, and led fiercely on. The gate was broken open and a party rushed into the entrance.

They were met and driven out by a vigorous rush of the defenders.

"Kick off the shoulder-knots! Down with the sword-bearers!" cried the valorous Sergeant, and he loaded and fired in a frenzy.

"They break! They are going back! Over the wall and at them!" cried his sandy-whiskered companion, who was no other than our old friend, Peter Brown.

"Not a step, on your lives!" came the deep voice of Captain Conrad. "Keep the wall between you and the foe. Don't sell out the advantage it gives you."

But the repulse of the British was but momentary. Line after line came forward, to replace those shattered by the American fire. New leaders sprang to the front as their brave predecessors sank to the earth dead or grievously wounded. Step by step they gained ground. The wall was reached. Again they swarmed through the gate. The fight became hand to hand.

Back, step by step, went the out-numbered Americans, fighting vigorously. Peter Brown, Sergeant Kerr, Captain Conrad, and a number of others, formed a group that for awhile held the gate against all the efforts of the foe.

"There is my last bullet, and you are welcome to it!" cried Peter, as his close shot brought down an opponent. "Now you can try the stock and see how that feels."

His clubbed musket came viciously upon the head of an opponent, hurling him prostrate to the ground.

"Good for Jersey!" cried Captain Conrad, as he sprang into the melee, side by side with the soldiers.

"And here's one scared for Lancaster county," yelled Sergeant Kerr, as he swung his musket like a war club.

Little had the founders of the Quaker meeting, or the circle of peace-loving Friends who assembled there weekly, dreamed of what bloody work those quiet walls were destined to look upon.

That graveyard became, indeed, an abode of death, its humble graves consecrated by the blood of patriot soldiery, its grass bedewed with the life-stream of hireling troops.

With set bayonets the British charged, driving back the fiercely fighting Americans, and at length carrying the entire enclosure.

Despite the vigorous resistance of the patriot forces they were driven back from post after post, fighting fiercely for each position.

At this critical period, when the right wing was thus being forced back, the Hessians made the passage of the river, and carried the entrance defended by Wayne's division. After a severe conflict this division, too, broke and fell suddenly back.

A retreat, which was fast becoming a rout, marked every portion of the American lines.

Our friends had withdrawn in safety and had regained their horses at the points at which they had been left.

"Into the saddle!" cried Captain Conrad. "We report again for duty." he continued, touching his cap to Colonel McLane, who commanded the regiment.

"You look as if you had been on duty," said the latter, with an approving glance at the dismounted detachment of his troop.

"We've written our name on the British front," said Sergeant Kerr bluntly.

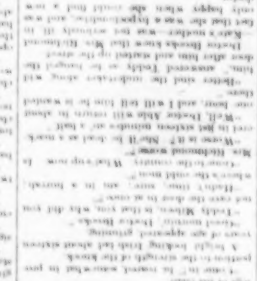
"Halloa! Sergeant. I've seen that horse before. Where did you get him?" cried the sandy-whiskered volunteer, as the bold Sergeant mounted.

"Is it the horse you borrowed, Sergeant?" asked the Colonel, maliciously.

"It's the spy, Allen Brooks' horse, which he left behind in camp to be called for."

THE CHARM DOCTOR

BY A. GORDON KEITH



A SERENADE

Peter Hoyt Brooks de la Rousse, the medical fraternity of Parkville, Missouri, and the whole social world of Kansas City, was a man of many parts. Some of his friends called him a genius, others a charlatan, but all agreed that he was a unique character. Even his appearance was striking enough to attract attention anywhere. He was tall and slender, with a head of thick, curly hair, a pair of piercing black eyes, and a long, pointed beard. He usually dressed in black, with a flowing cravat and a soft hat, and he carried a gold-headed cane which he twirled with the air of a man who knows he is being watched.

Dr. Brooks had come to Parkville from Kansas City, where he had built up a large practice among the wealthy families on the Quality Hill side of the river. He had left there suddenly, it was said, after a disagreement with a rival physician who had accused him of using hypnotism to influence his patients. Whether the charge was true or not, Brooks himself never denied it. He simply smiled when the subject was mentioned and changed it to something else.

He had been in Parkville about six months when he began to attract the attention of Miss Lucinda Pettigrew, the daughter of Colonel Ezekiel Pettigrew, who was the richest man in Platte County and the owner of the largest farm in the valley of the Little Platte River. Miss Lucinda was twenty-six years old, handsome in a large, dashing way, and accustomed to having her own will in everything. She had refused three offers of marriage before Dr. Brooks arrived, and it was generally believed that she intended to remain single.

The doctor's first professional visit to the Pettigrew farm was ostensibly to treat Colonel Pettigrew for a bad attack of rheumatism, but it was Miss Lucinda who received most of his attention. She was suffering from a nervous headache, and Brooks prescribed for her with such evident success that she sent for him again the next day, and then again, until the colonel's rheumatism was entirely forgotten.

Within a month the whole countryside was talking about the doctor's devotion to the young lady. He drove out to the farm every afternoon in his buggy, sometimes staying for tea and not leaving until after dark. He brought her books, played the guitar for her in the parlor, and walked with her in the garden by the hour. Colonel Pettigrew, who was fond of a game of checkers, found himself left entirely to the mercies of his housekeeper, Mrs. Higgins, who disapproved of the whole affair and said so at every opportunity.

"That man's after the girl's money, mark my words," she declared to the hired men. "He's no more a doctor than I am, and I've seen enough quacks in my time to know one when I see him."

But Miss Lucinda paid no attention to these remarks. She was in love, and love, as everyone knows, is blind to all but the object of its affection.

By the end of June the engagement was announced. Dr. Brooks had purchased a handsome house on Main Street, Parkville, and was having it refurnished in the latest style. The wedding was to take place in September, and the whole county was looking forward to it as the social event of the season.

Then, on the morning of July 15th, Miss Lucinda disappeared.

She left a note for her father, saying that she had gone to Kansas City with Dr. Brooks and that they were to be married at once. She begged her father not to be angry with her, and promised to write from her new home.

Colonel Pettigrew was angry—very angry indeed—but he was also deeply hurt. He refused to believe that his daughter had run away with a man she had known for only a few months, and he insisted that Brooks must have used some form of hypnotic influence to compel her to go. He sent a telegram to Kansas City, but it was returned undelivered. He then wrote a letter, which was also returned, with the information that Dr. Brooks had left the city and that no one knew where he had gone.

Weeks passed, and still no word came from Miss Lucinda. Colonel Pettigrew grew more and more anxious and irritable. He wrote to the police in Kansas City, to the postmaster at Independence, and to every hotel in the region, but all to no purpose. Brooks had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed him up.

Then, on the first day of September, a letter arrived from Miss Lucinda. It was dated from Chicago, and it was brief and somewhat incoherent. She said that she was very unhappy, that she had made a terrible mistake, and that she was coming home on the next train. She asked her father to forgive her and to have a room ready for her when she arrived.

Colonel Pettigrew was overjoyed. He had the room prepared, and he and Mrs. Higgins sat up half the night waiting for the carriage that was to bring the prodigal home. But Miss Lucinda did not arrive. Instead, there came another letter, postmarked Chicago, in which she said that she had changed her mind and was going to Europe with Dr. Brooks. She would write again from New York, she said, before the steamer sailed.

That was the last the Pettigrews ever heard of her. Not a word came from her after she left Chicago, and all efforts to trace her movements proved fruitless. Dr. Brooks had disappeared as completely as though he had never existed.

Colonel Pettigrew died in 1902, still believing that his daughter had been the victim of a hypnotic spell. Mrs. Higgins, who is now living with a married niece in Independence, is of the same opinion. But the mystery has never been solved, and the people of Parkville still discuss it from time to time, wondering what became of the handsome doctor and the girl he carried away.

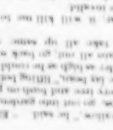
THE MOST RAPID IN THE WORLD

The Mata here is a little four-bulb regulator, open face, with a white, silvery dial. It was bought in a Minnesota town by a young man who was going to be married in a few days, and who wanted a watch of which he could be sure. Being timed by the sun at the moment of the noon observation, and carried in the pocket of the groom, it was to be the first watch of the kind to be set by the sun in that region.

"It is strictly correct," said the owner, "and I'm proud of it. I'm going to be married in a few days, and I want to be sure of the time. Two years ago I'd have been satisfied with a watch that was right once a week, but now I'm particular. I've got to be, or I'll lose my job. I'm a railroad man, and I'm on the engineering corps that is locating the new line from Kansas City to Omaha. We're working from both ends, and we're due to meet in the middle of Nebraska in October. We've been ahead of schedule time right along, and we're going to keep ahead. We're going to be the first to meet, and I'm going to be the first engineer to run a train through. I'm proud of that, and I'm proud of my watch. I've had it only a few months, but it's the most accurate timekeeper I've ever owned. It's a dandy."

The Mata is a very fast watch. It is a 300-beat movement, and it has a sweep second hand that moves around the dial five times a minute. It is a stem-winder, and has a stem-set. It is a 16-size watch, and is fitted in a heavy 20-year case. It is adjusted to five positions, and is guaranteed to run within thirty seconds a week. It is sold by jewelers, and costs $15.

THE MOST RAPID IN THE WORLD



The Mata

CHAPTER XVIII

GENERAL SIR EUSTACE

It was a quarter past eleven when Sir Eustace Brooke left the house in Grosvenor Square, and it was nearly one o'clock when he returned. He had driven to the City, with a worry behind his left ear, and he had come back with a headache. Twenty minutes in the fresh air had done him good, and he was feeling almost himself again when he entered the library and found Mr. Brooke sitting there.

"Hullo, Uncle Jim!" he said. "Have you been waiting long?"

"Not very," said Mr. Brooke. "I've been looking at the pictures and reading the papers. How's the head?"

"Better, thanks. I've been to the City, and the fresh air has done me good. I'm all right now. Have you had lunch?"

"Yes, I had it at the club. I'm not hungry, but I'll have a cup of coffee with you."

Sir Eustace rang the bell, and when the butler appeared he ordered coffee for his uncle and himself. Then he sat down in a chair opposite Mr. Brooke and lit a cigarette.

"I've been thinking about you a lot this morning, Uncle Jim," he said, "and I've come to the conclusion that I don't like the look of your face. You're looking seedy, and I'm afraid you've been overworking yourself. You've got to take a holiday, and you've got to take it at once. I'm not going to have you breaking down. Why don't you run over to Paris for a week or two? You've been there often enough to know your way about, and you'll be able to get a thorough rest. I'm afraid I can't go with you, as I've got a lot of things on hand at the moment, but I'll see that you're comfortably fixed up. What do you say?"

Mr. Brooke looked at his nephew with a smile. He was fond of him, and he knew that he was not the man to worry about trifles. If he thought that a holiday was necessary, he was probably right.

"I'm not sure that I don't agree with you, Eustace," he said. "I've been feeling rather seedy for the last few days, and I've had a bad night. I'll take your advice and run over to Paris for a week or two. I'll start to-morrow morning, and I'll look you up when I get back. I suppose you're right, and I'm in need of a change. I'll write to Jules Martin and tell him to expect me. He'll look after me, and I'll be able to get a little amusement. I'm not much of a hand at entertaining myself, and I'm afraid I should be dull company for you. I'll write to Jules this afternoon, and I'll start to-morrow."

"That's settled, then," said Sir Eustace. "I'm glad you've decided to go. I'll look you up in a week or two, and we'll have a little dinner together. I'll write to Jules myself, and tell him to look after you properly. I'll tell him to get you a good room, and to see that you're not overworked. I'll tell him to—"

The butler entered the room with the coffee, and Sir Eustace broke off his sentence. He poured out a cup for his uncle and one for himself, and then he lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair.

"I've been thinking about Miss Allen lately, Uncle Jim," he said. "I've been wondering what's become of her. She's a very charming girl, and I've a good mind to look her up. I've been rather busy lately, and I've neglected her shamefully. I've been to see her twice, and each time she's been out. I'll call there this afternoon, and if she's in I'll stay to tea. I'll tell her that I've been looking after you, and that you're going to Paris. She'll be interested to hear that, I'm sure. She's very fond of you, and I'm sure she'll be glad to know that you're going to have a holiday. I'll tell her that you're going to-morrow, and that you're going to look her up when you get back. I'll tell her—"

"Why don't you tell her to come and have tea with me?" said Mr. Brooke. "I'm not going to-morrow, and I'd like to see her before I go. I'll write a note and ask her to come to-morrow afternoon

A PICTURE.

Straight but a flowerful picture:
A straight but a curious hair
A glimpse as the sunlight quivered
On the threads of her golden hair.

I thought, as I stood and watched her
Of the past that might have been,
A present, but now unfolding
And a future as yet unseen.

Fancies, just born in the sunlight,
And nurtured 'neath a moon's pale beam;
Faint at the dawn of daybreak,
And lost in the first morning gleam.

Lost? nay, not lost, rather hidden
Where the day-light cannot see
A thought too precious to offer,
Shall it wait, Love, in vain for thee?

LOST TO HIM.

BY L. C.

Standing on the village-green at Coombe Lynn, one's eye is attracted by two conspicuous features in the landscape—the one, a palatial pile of gleaming stone cresting the summit of a gentle, richly-wooded acclivity, the other, in strong contrast, but equally attractive to the gaze, a modest, unpretentious homestead, the casements of windows of which peep out from amidst a wild profusion of ivy, woodbine, and roses.

The inhabitants of Coombe Lynn are duly appreciative of the fact that Evelyn Court, the ancient seat of the Evelyn Drummonds, stands within their parish, and boast themselves considerably the-reof.

Next to the Court the Cottage ranks in their estimation, for, on the strength of some distant relationship existing between its occupants and the present reigning Drummonds, it began to date from, as it were, a reflected glory from the "big house on the hill." Do they not know as well as the individuals themselves that rarely a day passes that the Colonel or Miss Violet is not at the Court, or poor Lord Evelyn at the Cottage? The village is in a painful state of excitement to-day, for "poor Lord Evelyn" is lying on his bed "sick unto death."

Within the sick man's chamber there is but one watcher—a young girl.

"Violet, it is my last request," says the invalid's weak voice—and its tone is imploring and solemn. "Can you refuse it, when you know I cannot die happily unless it is granted?"

The girl bows her head yet lower; but there is no sound—not even a sob—for a desperate and fearful struggle is going on within her breast, causing her speechless.

"Violet"—this time the voice is weaker and yet more imploring, and the girl looks up—listen to me, dear"—and a thin hand is stretched out to reach the girl's trembling one that lies upon the bed. "You know—you must know well—how well that I would never have presumed—have dared—to speak of you this had I not been lying on a bed of death—though I have loved you long and dearly, Heaven knows. How could I help it, when your gentleness and sweetness to your ill-shaped, ill-favoured cousin"—he bowed to himself humbly—"rendered his sad life more than bearable?"

After a pause the sick man continues—

"Forgive me for what I am going to say to you now, dear. Your father I love well; but I know he is thoughtless and careless about many things—I do not speak this in blame—and it has troubled me—oh, how often!—when I have thought of your future. Will you not give me the right—the happiness, dear—to do my little to guard you against some of the trials that may beset you? In pity do not refuse me any longer, Violet! Can you be so cruel as to deprive me of the joy, the unspeakable joy, of calling you wife, though it may not be for longer than a few short minutes?"

"Evelyn"—the girl's voice is very husky—"I must have seemed cruel and unkind to hesitate so long; but—but"—and here, even at such a time, her face flushes hotly—"it does not seem right to consent to be your wife when I—I know I cannot give you all my heart."

"Is your truth given to any one, Violet?" the sick man asks, slowly and with visible effort, and a slight quiver runs through his frame.

"No," is the faint response.

"Then it can do him no wrong. If he loves you, he will but woo you as Violet Drummond in the place of Violet Willoughby. I ask you again—will you be my wife?" The voice is sadder now.

"I will," the reply is, with downcast eyes.

"Thank you, dear;" and, tenderly and gravely he draws her to him, and seals the promise with a kiss on her brow. "Send your father to me now—there is no time to be lost;" and Evelyn, the crippled heir of all the Drummonds, sinks wearily back amongst the pillows.

* * * * * * *

A week later Violet, very pale, and with a certain bewildered, hopeless look in her eyes, is pacing backwards and forwards in the shady garden at the Cottage. She has been a wife a week now, and Lord Drummond still lingers.

What is it that the doctor has said to her? Has she forgotten? No—the words are burning in her brain now.

"If his lordship passes such another restful night as the past one, I assure your ladyship there is every reason to hope."

Hope! It does not seem to have entered her ladyship's soul yet; for her hands are tightly-clasped, her face is haggard, her eyes are heavy and woeful? She is muttering something—some name which she repeats over and over again monotonously.

"Max—Max—Max!"

This Max is filling the thoughts of this week-old bride. He possesses what her husband never can, the whole devotion of her loving, passionate heart. And it was because the girl was honest that she had faltered over the words, "I know I cannot give you all my heart," even though that heart had not been claimed by the one it had gone out to not wholly unsought.

Lady Drummond is remembering now with a cruel vividness what Max St. John's eyes said to her on that night—scarcely a year ago—when, at a ball given by the officers of the —st, fifteenth one of them, she had first met their admiring gaze—is remembering those happy but terribly brief half-hours that followed, when, on some pretext or other, some shopping that must be done, Max St. John's side, and, with a long quivering sigh, the girl's weary head sinks restfully down on his shoulder.

But it does not rest there long; it is quickly raised and withdrawn.

"I am his wife, Max," she says—help me to do what is right;" and she looks up so trustfully and confidingly that a full and bitter sense of what he has lost comes to him, and with a groan his arms drop heavily to his side.

"Violet, Violet, what have I not lost!" he cries. "Oh, if I had but spoken the words that trembled on my lips so often during those happy days when we were together a month ago! But I delayed in the hope that promotion, which I had every reason to expect was near, might give me a better chance of success with your father. I was gazetted yesterday—what is the good of it to me now?"

"Oh, Max, if you had but spoken!" she cannot help murmurring, but she is sorry for it a moment afterwards, for Max St. John once more catches her in his arms, declaring passionately that by no right, human or divine, is she Evelyn Drummond's wife—but his, only his.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she cries, trying vainly to break away from his arms. "Max, I cannot bear any more. If you love me, you will leave me."

"Forgive me, Violet," he murmurs, releasing her.

"I do," she says, "but you must not stay here any longer;" and her eyes proclaim the agony she is enduring. "Did he good-bye, Max—and quickly."

He does not take her in his arms again, but, drooping his head, he presses one passionate, lingering kiss on her brow, and, with a long look into her eyes, turns slowly and leaves the room.

* * * * * * *

A month has passed. There is a hot scorching August sun pouring down on the one parterre in front of the Court, but it has not penetrated into the dark room where Lord Evelyn, propped up with pillows, "poor Lord Evelyn"—

He is still very weak, but out of any present danger. He is alone, but his eyes turn anxiously and wistfully towards the door, as though they expected some one to enter. He starts, and the blood rushes wildly to his face, when the door at last opens.

"Her ladyship has just arrived," the nurse-servant announces. "She desired me to ask if she should come to you here."

"Yes—no, I will go to her. Does she look very ill, Rolls?"

"Well, yes, some bordering, her ladyship does look very changed."

"Give me your arm, Rolls—quick!" But just then there is a low tap at the door, and Violet Drummond, or rather her shadow, glides into the room.

"Leave the room, Rolls," is his master's sharp command; and then the poor crippled figure makes a painful effort to rise to greet his bride. But she is quickly by his side, and, laying her hand on his arm, bids him not to stir.

The pillows have, however, become disarranged with his efforts, and Violet leans over, and with gentle, womanly hands replaces them, he the while regarding her with wondering, resentful eyes.

"Then you do not hate me, Violet?" he asks at last, as if the possibility were still beyond belief.

"Hate you?" answers the sweet voice. "No, Evelyn, no!"

"And you forgive me, and believe," he begins eagerly, still incredulous.

"I believe all that you did was for my good," breaks in her gentle voice.

"But do not let us talk about what is past, dear; my only wish for the future is to make you a good and faithful wife."

"You are an angel, Violet," he murmurs, kissing reverentially the hand that lies passively in his; "but a shadow seems to have spoken across his face as he does so, for "gentleness" and "fidelity" are not all he wants.

The hand is withdrawn rather hastily from his grasp; and Violet, in a faint and frightened voice, says she thinks she will sit down, for she feels faint.

"What a brute I have been!" he exclaims, looking up suddenly, and perceiving how pale and wan the lovely face has grown. He makes another fruitless endeavor to rise from his chair, but she, with a miserable counterfeit of a smile, motions him back with her hand, and sinks into a chair that stands near. He leans forward eagerly, and gazes upon his bride's face with deep and sad concern.

"They told me I should find you changed Violet; but I never guessed how changed. They might have told me you were ill, until they saw how I fretted for a sight of you—fretted the more, Violet, because I thought you could come, but would not. I see how ill you must have been. Oh, Violet, Violet," is his bitter cry, as his head falls forward between his hands, "what have I done—what have I done?" Why did I not die?" And a great sob breaks from him.

"Hush, Evelyn!" is Violet's soothing whisper, as she kneels by his side and lays her hand tenderly on the bowed head. "For my sake look up, dear; I shall soon be quite strong again now," she continues, cheerfully, ignoring the hidden meaning conveyed in Evelyn's last sentences—"strong enough to wheel your chair about the garden, when you are recovered enough to venture out;" and she smiles the same little pitiful smile again.

Evelyn regards her as he would a saint.

Lady Drummond has herself been an invalid since taking her sad farewell of Max St. John. Twelve hours later she was raving in delirium, and for many days lay in a very critical state, while the doctors gravely shook their heads; but she struggled back to life again—to the life that had grown such a precious burden to her, but in which she intends to do her duty bravely.

One day, when the delirium had left her, and she lay on her bed weak and helpless as a child, her father came to her and told her little bits of news that he thought might interest her.

"Only think," he said, "that young St. John—you remember him—has exchanged with MacPherson, who was gazetted for India, and sailed yesterday. Chosen a son good. I rather liked the young fellow—and you would make a first-rate stroke at billiards. But I mustn't chatter—ain't to, my dear; I see you are worn out. Ta, ta!"

* * * * * * *

Before September has passed the doctors have met in consultation, and decreed that their noble patient, Lord Drummond, must not, on any account, pass the winter in England. His lordship is rebellious at first, for, if he leaves the Court—his well-loved home—shall he ever be able to regain it?

But presently he is as impatient to depart as he has hitherto been averse to do so, and this through the instrumentality of the attached and faithful Rolls, who has been Lord Drummond's attendant since his boyhood.

"Strangeness are allowable in love and war," Rolls reasons, "and why not in the important matter of prolonging my poor master's life?"

The result of this reasoning is that Rolls observes to his master one morning, whilst he is wheeling him about in the sun, and Violet's figure is seen in the distance returning to the house, that "Her ladyship doesn't seem to get up her strength much."

"You don't think she looks worse again, do you, Rolls?" is the anxious inquiry, and Lord Drummond starts forward, and looks at his servant with a face full of alarm.

"Not worse, sir, perhaps," answers Rolls, stroking his chin, as if he were considering the matter deeply; "but I fancy she ought to be more herself again by this time."

"She is not complaining," says Lord Drummond, thoughtfully, and half to himself.

"She isn't one of that sort, your lordship," remarks Rolls, who is a devoted admirer of his young mistress.

"You're right, Rolls—you're right;" returns his master, half sadly.

"What she wants, sir, I should say—asking your pardon for being so bold—is a little bit of change. You see she has never been able to get that since she was knocked down with the fever. I mean't be right"—this with hypocritical humbleness—"but I can't help thinking that's what she wants."

And Rolls, with the satisfactory assurance that he has fired the train, resumes his occupation of wheeling his master's chair.

KISHING A JURY.

BY T. C. W.

"Ah," said the schoolmaster, "the times have changed since I first knew this place. It is just thirty-five years ago since I stepped here with a kished jury."

I was returning wet and weary after a day's rather unsuccessful trout fishing, when I met my friend the sheriff. A seat on his gig was quickly accepted, and our passage through the little village of Feathers Mills, in the eastern of Wexford, caused the observation.

"A kished jury," I exclaimed. "What on earth is that?"

"Well, you see," replied my friend, "the old law was that in case a jury would not agree, the assistant barrister at sessions, or judge at assizes could order the jury to be taken to the hotel room in which the sessions was held, or to the nearest hotel, and there discharge them. The practice here was—I'm not sure whether it was quite legal or not—to put the jurors into two kishes or creels, and discharge them by tilting the cart up.

"But you don't mean to say such a thing was ever done in your time?"

"Exactly I do. As I told you, it was the first year I filled the office of sheriff, thirty-five years ago. There was a trial for a riot at the Rose sessions, and as it all arose out of an electioneering scuffle, party feeling ran very high. As might be expected, the jury disagreed, and old Moore, the assistant barrister, who thought the evidence quite strong enough against the prisoner, was almost beside himself with rage at the shock of getting off. He went over the strong points in the evidence; but it was no use. Then it was for me—them up all night; but in the morning they were no nearer a verdict. He then declared he would take them to Wexford himself, and ordered me to provide jaunting cars and to endure the jury and prisoner before him that evening in Wexford. But here the jury made a row; they said they did not mind going to Wexford, but they did mind the forms of the law, and that as the old and legal way was to go in two kishes on farmer's carts, they would go by no other conveyance. The foreman told the magistrates that if he was sent in any other thing than a kish he would bring an action against them. When it came to this point I think Moore would have liked to have had the whole barge them quietly, but as he made the order he was too proud to go after it; so he told me to take them in kishes.

"Now of course I wasn't going to take a jury and prisoner twenty Irish miles through a wild country without a good escort, and as it happened that a troop of the 10th Hussars was quartered in the town, I ordered them out. The jurors objected to having more than two in each kish. The prisoner—he was Peter Murphy's father, and was one of the best-off men in Ross, and one of the great leaders of the Repealers—brought his own gig, so we made a pretty fine show. First came the two carts, each with a tuft cowl containing two jurors, then came the prisoner and myself in the gig—the vehicles being surrounded by thirty or forty Hussars with drawn swords, and followed by the greater part of the population of Ross, waving green boughs and yelling like so many wild Indians.

"The journey was the greatest fun you can imagine. When we got rid of the crowd, several of the jury sang capital songs, and the foreman managed to pick up a wandering piper, who played jigs and horn-pipes for some who danced. And, by Jove! well they did dance, too, though they had only the floor of the car for the kish prevented them falling off.

"In this style and full of merriment we came into Feather's Mill's here. We had sent on a messenger to order dinner at Mrs. Roche's, so we we found everything ready for us. But, signal! by this time I was in a funk about the state my jury would be in by the time they reached Wexford, for many of them were half-drunk already. I insisted that each man be limited to four tumblers of punch. They all promised readily enough, but I found that when the four tumblers had been despatched, that it did not prevent them proceeding to mix a fifth, and I made up my mind to having a rapping fine inflicted on me by old Moore. Still the dinner was worth the price. Sir Charles Clifton, the captain of the Hussars, took the chair, and I never spent a more jolly and well they filled them. Songs and sentiment flagged; and six o'clock, the hour at which I had been ordered to produce the jury in Wexford, found them all very drunk; four of them were dancing a reel at the lower end of the room, while the foreman and one of the hussar officers whistled the tune; the captain and prisoner were playing beggar-my-neighbor at the other end, to see who should pay for the dinner. At last I got them on the road again, but it was two o'clock in the morning when we entered Wexford, and drew up before the town's lodgings. The jurors were quiet enough now, as they were all drunk and asleep in the kishes. I backed the cars in a line opposite the door. The cowel was drawn up behind, and the prisoner was carefully supported by two policemen. I then went to the judge's door. It was dark and bitterly cold, so I hoped Moore might not perceive the state of the party. I went up and knocked at his bedroom door in great trepidation.

"'Who's there?' What's all this row about?' roared Moore.

"'It's me, your worship; I have brought the jury and prisoner,' I replied.

"'And what the deuce delayed you till this hour, sir?'

"'Bad roads and the breaking down of the cars, your worship.'

"'You must keep them till morning. I can't get up now,' he growled.

"'Oh, your worship,' said I, 'I have no place to keep them. They are half dead already with fatigue and want of food. If you detain them much longer something serious will happen. Just then I heard the prisoner making a desperate attempt to sing "The Young May Moon," but the police managed to stop him.

"After considerable delay Moore made his appearance in his dressing-gown and slippers, and came grumbling down stairs to the door. The foreman set saluted, and I hurried to the foreman's side.

"'Do the jury answer to their names, sheriff?' said Moore, peering into the darkness, and shivering as the frosty air played with the folds of his dressing-gown.

"'Oh, yes, your worship,' said I, holding down the foreman's face that he might be silenced, and wished to make a speech from the car.

"'Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?'

"The foreman says they can't agree, your worship, I answered, holding my hand over the said foreman's mouth.

"'Why does he not speak out,' roared Moore, angrily.

"'He has become hoarse from the cold, your worship,' I replied.

"'I don't wonder; it has almost given me my death. Discharge the jury and prisoner too,' said Moore, banging the door and rushing back to bed.

"The cars were tilted up and their burthens shot out on the street, and telling the police to look after them, I hurried off to bed. That was the last time a jury was ever kished in this county."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

INDELLIBLE INK FOR CLOTH.—Take one-tenth of a stick of nitrate of silver and dissolve it in a little water, and then stir it into a gallon of water.

WHITEWASH FOR A SMOKED CEILING.—For the first coat mix to every two quarts of whitewash one gill of fine salted sodium. This will prevent the smoke from striking through. A subsequent coat may be put on in the ordinary way.

WHITE KID GLOVES.—Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

TREATMENT OF THE HANDS.—Rub the palms of the hands thoroughly with sealgen just before putting on kid gloves, to keep them form perspiring.

LEMON TABLETS.—Rub a teaspoonful of sugar over the rind of a fresh lemon, so as to absorb all the essential oil; squeeze the juice of the lemon over the sugar; crush fine with a rolling-pin; add the yolk of an egg, and two tablespoonfuls sweet butter; beat all together, and bake in little pans, lined with puff paste.

TO TELL GOOD FROM BAD EGGS.—Put them in water enough to cover them. All that are fit for use will sink to the bottom, whilst any that are bad, even though only in part, will float on the surface, and those of which the contents are entirely decayed will invariably have a smooth, intact bottom.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Let it lie all night in the whole, or an hour and a half and then set it remain in the water it was boiled in. Hams cured after the most modern plans and sweet than when broiled a shorter time and at once removed from the fire.

TO DEVIL HAM.—Cut up fried ham in small bits not larger than peas. Add tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of whiskey, one of Worcestershire sauce, and a small quantity of flour-water—then heat to boiling. It is just an appetizing delicacy for those warm days.

KEEPING FOR THE COMPLEXION.—If you would preserve your complexion, take no water, unless perfectly pure. Mix and obtain, then add a grain or fraction of an ounce to every eight ounces of boiled water, and let stand and settle—as it will, you will find a sediment. Pour off the clear water, and wash your face in it.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—Take one tablespoonful of brandy, one of soft soap, and one of molasses; mix them well together; place the ribbon upon a smooth board, and apply the mixture with a soft brush; after which rinse in cold water, and roll up in a cloth until dry. Iron with a flat iron, not too hot.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—Magnesia will effectually remove grease spots from silk or any clothing it is well; and after rubbing it with, apply a piece of soft brown paper to the wrong side on which paper a warm iron gently; and what grease is not absorbed by the paper, can be removed by washing the spot carefully with warm water.

TO STOP THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT.—Use the following permanent, once every other day, rubbing it thoroughly into the roots of the hair: Tincture cantharides, one ounce; tannin, ten grains; oil of rosemary, ten drops; mix them together over a gentle fire, and when thoroughly united, then pour into a pomade jar or some similar vessel and set away to cool. In warm weather it may be necessary to add a little more alcohol to the mixture, in cold, a little more of the oil of bay, to make it the right consistency to use.

EXCURSIONS ON THE FACE.—Dissolve an ounce of borax in a quart of water, and apply this with a fine sponge every evening before going to bed. This will smooth the skin when the eruptions do not proceed from an internal working under the cuticle. Many persons' faces are disfigured by red eruptions caused by a small constitutional working under the skin. A very excellent remedy is to take the flower of sulphur and rub it on the face dry, after washing it in the morning. Rub it well with the fingers and then wipe it off with a dry towel. There are many who are not a little ashamed of their faces, who can be cured if they follow these directions.

A WASHING FLUID.—A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* says, to make good washing fluid take one-third ounce gum camphor dissolved in one-half of alcohol, also one-third pound of borax and one half-pound sal soda, and dissolve in one gallon hot rain water and the fluid is ready. After straining all the ingredients together add one gallon of cold rain water before adding the gum camphor and alcohol. In using add about four tablespoonsful to a pint of soft soap, apply to the parts of clothing most soiled and soak in warm water an hour, or while doing up the breakfast dishes; then proceed with your washing as usual, not boiling over five minutes.

It takes but one trial to show the purity and merit of Dobbins' Electric Soap, made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia. For your own interest give it that one trial. All grocers keep it.

Gouraud's Vegetable Rouge, 50 Cts PER BOTTLE.—The desire of a brilliant coloring matter for pale cheeks and lips, has long been felt by those ladies who are wanting in natural redness, and DR. F. GOURAUD'S magnificent preparation of *Liquid Rouge* is admirably designed to supply the deficiency. The cosmetic rouges, from their nutritious nature, cannot be expected to do other than absorb and retain the dust and other floating matter with which the air is usually loaded—and especially so if the weather is very warm. Independent of this, they are objectionable also, from the fact that a handkerchief cannot be brought into contact with the cheek or lip which has been thus bedaubed, without removing a portion of the artificial color! GOURAUD'S *Liquid Rouge*, on the contrary, has all the appearance of a stain and *cannot be disturbed by the most violent friction*. It contains nothing injurious; and the rich roseate hue it imparts to the cheek is such an exact imitation of nature, that the closest scrutiny will fail to detect that the coloring is artificial. Be particular to bear in mind that DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S only Depot is at No. 48 BOND STREET, (late 453 BROADWAY,) New York. 50 cents a bottle. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE, 50 CENTS A BOX. This delightful compound is intended to supplant the noxious articles which have been heretofore used by ladies for whitening purposes, such as prepared chalk, Paris white, plaster of Paris, &c. Unlike the pernicious and unnatural whites adverted to, GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE gives a delicious softness, smoothness, brilliancy, and perfectly fine-like whiteness to the complexion. When used after the skin has been thoroughly washed with GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap*, the effect is luxurious and delightful in the extreme. It is also very valuable for gentlemen with tender skins and stiff beards—as it completely allays the irritation consequent on shaving. Mothers should also use it on their babies, as it is much superior to common powders for that purpose. 25 cents a box; 50 cents a cake.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY IS NO PATENT MEDICINE HUMBUG got up to dupe the ignorant and credulous, nor is it experimented on being composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships. It is a simple, mild, soothing remedy, a perfect Specific for CATARRH and "COLD IN THE HEAD," also for Offensive Breath, Loss or Impairment of the Senses of Smell, Taste, or Hearing, Sore or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the Head, when caused, as they all not unfrequently are, by the virulence of Catarrh.

KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL.—Nothing can be more injurious to your peace of mind than to have too many confidants. You live in abject slavery every day, as you are constantly fearing that some one of your numerous confidants will reveal a secret you would not have anybody know for all the world.

A LITTLE girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a very pretty answer, saying: "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all your things to your little sister."

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
Founded Aug. 4, A.D. 1821

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Saturday Evening, August 12, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly registered, but all are entitled to freely republish any articles or its columns provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT.

The new type on which the present number of the POST is printed, adding so much to the attractiveness of the paper, is one of those improvements which speak for themselves. We call attention to it as an additional evidence that the publishers will spare no pains or expense to keep this paper in the front place it has so long held. Judging from the pleasant words already given by many readers, and the increasing lists of subscribers received, these efforts are fully appreciated. We repeat the request that if the paper gives pleasure, you will speak a good word for it to your friends and neighbors, and thus continue to aid us in increasing its value.

"HE WORKS FOR A LIVING."

ENTERING the drawing room of a much-old tenant recently, we accosted the following remark from a pretty young lady standing near:

"Receive an introduction from him? No, I thank you. Why, he's only a farmer, known as a hertz, and works for a living!"

Little did she imagine, when she thought to cast a slur on the sun-known face and hardened hand of the tiller of the soil, that some of earth's deepest philosophers, best sublimest poets, and ablest statesmen are often her daily laborers. No man can be ultimately successful, whatever his avocation, unless he works works hard, and centers upon his labor his noblest affections. To secure genuine success, one must seek it, not in the gilded halls of genius, but in the open field of persevering industry. The stately ship that bounds o'er the deep and greets waves of the sea, bringing nations into closer communion and enriching commerce with its vast cargoes, sprang from the hand of persevering labor. Science bowed at the shrine of industry, to pay a tribute there, when the first thrill shot o'er the telegraphic wire, and told the world that electricity could converse. The beautiful cities that grace the lap of earth; the splendid bridges that span her mighty streams; the palatial barks that float upon her lakes and seas, are not the efforts of luck or chance, but the noble monuments of modern labor. But some say: "We would be somebody; we would do some great work, if we only had the chance." The fact is, men want for many chances presented on the grasp one. They think to "get a belt about the globe in forty minutes," and then rail at "high, because the belt isn't long enough. There are many chances, if we would but seize them. Examples of greatness and goodness before us bid us work, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction has not been merely chance to others than to us. Let the past speak for itself, and let the present and future outshine the past, for there is no effort of science, which may not be exceeded, no depth of philosophy that may not be more deeply sounded, no flight of imagination, that may not be surpassed.

STOP THAT HOWL.

"Hard times." Yes, everybody says so, and that is one very aggravating cause of the hardness. When cholera is prevalent, every body is troubled with sympathetic summer complaints. When a community becomes excited over a well authenticated ghost story, then superstition multiply; phantoms long since banished by the power of steady unbelief bear the sin above ground, and stalk forth to assert the power of their nefarious lugions. And so with gross-like gregariousness and sheep-hearted simplicity the great multitude eagerly and continually huddle into one way of thinking, following the lead of the prominent few. Thousands of men with regular incomes are to-day joining the general chorus and bewailing the "shocking hard times," while their undiminished dollars are nearly doubled in buying capacity. Their hypocritical whine swells the doleful chorus and adds much to its disheartening influence.

If men must lie, it would at least be but fair to do so for a good purpose and in a brave way. If the evil must exist, let us be manly enough to acknowledge the truth. The financial difficulties of the country would lead off in a cheerful strain full of confidence for the future. It would go far to restore that confidence. We shall all go on floundering in darkness as long as we refuse to believe in light ahead. It is certain that we shall all need food, clothing and comforts and that we shall not be content without the luxuries of life. The world will not be out of business as long as these are to be furnished. Every man who stops working because he fears there will be no future demand for his wares, helps to keep up hard times, for he is putting it out of his power to buy from others. Let us take counsel of our hopes. Fears have had their way long enough. Stop crying, begin to cheer and drive away this paralyzing nightmare.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

We should judge a man by what he is and not by what he assumes to be. True gentility is essentially an internal and not a mere outward manifestation, and depends neither on muscle nor on money. A man may be apparelled in garments of impeccable quality and fit; heels of surpassing smallness and symmetry; his tout radiant with chains, and his head covered with an immortal locks, dispensing clouds of "Hudnut's Last Extract," and yet be destitute of that nice sensibility and perception of the amenities of life, which betokens the true gentleman. Analyze him, and the result is a compound of selfishness, vanity and pride. The world is his Elysium; he grasps at his self, mistaking it for gold, and esteems the glare of ball-room lights, rather than the golden sunshine of Heaven. As we see him, bowing and fawning, or lisping and prattling, uttering platitudes of mawkish sentiment or gravely stricken gentry, who does not think to think him a man?

The true gentleman regards neither bulk nor nor finish as the real index of character, but, piercing through these, seeks the secret springs and motives of the heart. Though his garb be rough and his face furrowed with care, yet, in the clear depths of his honest eye, we read a volume of tender sympathies and kindly wishes. The widow's tears, the orphan's thanks are sweeter to him than the gloss and glitter of a would world. His purity irradiates the moral atmosphere around him, and makes his mere presence a blessing. The eye may but to love him, and life with him is a reality and beneficence an active principle.

LET US THINK.

The importance of the precept "know thyself" no one will deny, but there can be no accurate self knowledge, independent of an insight into the being, acting, external powers of the mind. Knowledge has been termed the "connecting link between human and divine." Knowledge is the metal that has kept one leaning the sacred fires of the past; knowledge is the power that like reared the battlements of the present, and "knowledge is the wing whereby we fly to Heaven." Ignorance may boast the insignia of wealth; it may be quickened with the glow of fancy, but knowledge grasps with a wealth whose basis can be furnished, with words whose sounds never are silent, with charms, whose purity never fade away. It elevates the thoughts, purifies the feelings, exalts the actions, and thus adds golden links to the chain of life, for we live, not in years, but in thoughts, in feelings and in deeds. He, therefore, lives most who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best. To become learned, one must think. It is thought that marks the depth of mind; thought that regulates the noblemen of soul, thought that opens the germ of truth, and thought that makes the man.

Song for Church Fairs: "Sweet, buy and buy."

Was the Centennial designed for catch-in nations?

Wanted: A full set of new adjectives and interjections for use at the Centennial Exhibition.

Watermelons are selling at fifteen cents apiece, and still the Eastern question remains unsettled.

The fortunes that are being made at the Exhibition grounds are the old maids marriages seethingly seldom.

A young married lady on Arch street threatens to get a divorce from her husband because, while our West recently he wrote her seven pages from Chicago, and never said a word about Sitting Bull.

A Green street young lady says that seeking makes her take such a despondent view of life as for a corkscrew to skimmish over her back just as a handsome admirer is beginning to—see if he can squeeze her hand without hurting her."

"Well, you four old are you?" asked a teacher in one of the public schools, as a "new boy" made his appearance.

"Four," replied the young aristocrat, "my father was there—was in the street, and if it hadn't been for that I'd be five here."

"How much do you want?" asked a tall Westerner, after he had eaten dinner at one of the Centennial restaurants.

"One dollar and a half," replied the cashier.

"Dollar-n-half! Then, me and you can't trade," was the reply, as he replaced his pocketbook and galloped out.

At eighteen, a young lady will risk Cape May twenty-five times during one season and then kick over the traces and because she can't go the twenty-sixth, at forty the same individual, if still unmarried, will sit out on the back porch and shell beans, and abuse her young nieces for "gallivanting off to the seashore just to eat oyster-huckleberries and watermelons, we'd trow."

KISSING BY THE MILL.

BY THOMAS ELLWOOD TOWELL.

I'm sitting on the old mossy steps
Where, years and years ago,
We pledged the faith of love,
Beneath the mill-wheel's flow.
And as I sit, rippling through the years
Bring back the heart-felt thrill,
Likewise, as in the olden time,
You kissed me by the mill.

The flower were gayer, days sweeter,
And the air more fragrant than now,
How could the days are now to us,
Dear Mary, I know not how.
But the air sweetened—and it was
May-day in June-a-mill,
When you kissed me by the mill.

The waters murmured through the mead,
No trimming by the mill.

We trifled with the lowland vines,
And twined them in your hair,
Till resplendent shadows on the stream
Bespoke the wedding fair.
Then you kissed me, and I kissed you,
Like lightning on the hill,
And the echo answered me with glee,
When you kissed me by the mill.

My step is now old and weak,
And my locks are thin and gray,
And many years have been
Since you passed away.
But I'll meet you in the sweet bye-and-bye,
Where the years will be still,
Forever for the pleasure of golden light
That kissed by the mill.
And then you'll be as bright as bright,
As when I kissed you by the mill.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Never did blue, clearer skies bend, nor brighter suns set on the weary road-battered or ripe grain-laden fields than on the morning of our fabled (still boasted Enchanted Realm, known to the present world as the Exhibition Grounds.

It is hardly fair to say more than wonders of sick among the picturesque and varied buildings, meeting here a tint of sunsetting Turks with their bright lined apparel, making a fine "point" of color in the landscape, and there a group of Arabs, Dutch, Frenchmen, all gesture and excitement in fine contrast to the quiet, slow moving Chinamen, with his flowing garment of sombre hue and his pig-tail. In this busy, well-bustled city (shall we call it?) his round, black silk cap, set upon the top of his close-shaven head. Evidently this latter is a contribution to the look for to the high-bred race with which he feels and unfeels his pretty fan held between long delicate fingers. Mark the long sabers of Turkish officials, of fine blade, the mother-of-pearl inlaid hilts, and pagoda hat. And there goes a Turkish soft, his peaked hat of black velvet, with gold work a silver cord and tassels decked with a cluster of nodding feathers on the left side. He turns into the

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SWEDISH SCHOOL HOUSE,

being, evidently, of a scholastic turn of mind.

This causes us to recall the fact that to understand properly the Exhibition, from end to end, on the one side of that very pleasing attention, we had as yet seen no more of it. Accordingly we follow our Bohemian and find within a private room for the teacher, and the girl and school room.

The desks and chairs of the latter are much of our use, being adaptable for child use of all ages. In the manipulations of a few minutes we what "Teacher" had lowered at will.

The very perfection of neatness, and pleasing order has been attained in the disposition of the various articles on each desk. The ink bottle, well secured from upsetting after the method little box must kick an improved little rubber for the pens, or the fidgety arms lean every where, but where they should.

The book-rest is so designed, that the pupil may not be wearied by holding the volume, and the place may be kept open and its sliding off the smooth varnished top of the desk.

The Teachers desk is elevated, and a comfortable chair for her use is also provided.

The system of object teaching, which has become so widely disseminated and so generally adopted of late days seems always to have been pursued in this school.

There are charts and colored specimens of mosses, plants, etc., clearly labelled, and the botanical student, while building blocks smooths the rugged path of the young mathematician.

Small cabinets of minerals, and cases of birds and insects aid in the departments, whose theories they embody.

The maps, geographical, and still readily connected itself to teachers. The outline of the country is drawn upon a large black board, while the cities and towns are indicated by holes, in each of these holes attached to small pins, and having the name of the city on them, are ranged in rows down the sides of the black board. The pupil is required to place them properly, and thus gains a knowledge of fixing the name and position in his mind.

Music, chiefly singing in class and gymnastics are in the regular course for both boys and girls, and are wisely instructed in household duties.

Education being compulsory, all who are mentally capable of receiving instruction, have the opportunity.

We are much indebted to these having this interesting building in charge, for courtesy in giving information. The size of the building is said to be the largest ever yet erected in Vienna, which was built partly much in the same shape, and of the same plan, varnished.

Passing from Sweden to Sydney, we are struck by a fine group in terra cotta of

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BOY AND CHERUB.

The expression if seems in her fixed and glazing eye, the wrinkles of suffering on the forehead, are painfully real. Even in her death, again the strong mother love is sought over brute passions, for she seems to have turned from the cruel man for two cubs, who climb upon her wounded side where the great arteries remains indebted unprovoked by the added agony that their mother's death must cause them. Real mute stands beside her, relentless with rage and grief over her hurt. His grim head with the powerful mane spitting threatening tongue and terrible claws on her

NEWS NOTES.

RUSSIA is sending troops to the frontier.

THE eastern prospect again looks gloomy.

THE public debt statement for August 1, shows a reduction of $1,158,054.

THE report that Marshal Bazaine has entered the Turkish service is not true.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S estate, known as Marshfield, was sold recently for $35,000.

GREECE has been broken in the Champ d'Mars, Paris, for the Exhibition of 1878.

AUSTRIA has been strengthening the garrison at Semlin, in view of possible events.

ELEVEN tons of cucumbers were recently shipped from Jacksonville, Florida, in one week.

NEW ENGLAND has about 15,000 acres of land devoted to the cultivation of cranberries.

MRS. General Custer is still greatly prostrated at Bismarck, and her condition is alarming.

FOUR inches of snow fell on Mount Washington on the morning of July 29th, just after sunrise.

THE High Court of Justice in England has decided that the visible horizon at sea is three miles.

THE number of divorces decreed annually in Indiana is in the proportion of one to three hundred families.

ORANGES and pineapples are washing ashore at Long Branch, much to the delight of the summer visitors.

THE amount of gold coin actually in the Treasury, and free from liabilities, on the 24th ult., was $8,887,525.

THE public debt for year ending June 30th, 1876, 22,576 Chinese arrived in this country, 259 of whom only were females.

THE Emperor William improves upon Romanina the importance of peace, and it is stated Austria will demand her neutrality.

THE Treasury payments during July amounted to $11,100,146, exclusive of disbursements on account of the National debt.

A HAVANA dispatch says the negro Cuello, one of the most prominent of the insurgent leaders, has been killed in ambush near Sagua.

IT is stated in Paris, that a European Congress upon the eastern question has been decided upon, and that it will shortly meet at Brussels.

A DESPATCH to the Reuter Telegram Company from St. Petersburg says the report of the rising of the Circassians in the Caucasus is unfounded.

A DESPATCH from Rockbridge Alum Springs, Virginia, says Speaker Kerr's symptoms are very unfavorable and that his condition is regarded as critical.

Out of sixteen Turkish battalions who were engaged at Urdiza four only reached Bilek. The battalions probably average under four hundred men each.

THERE are now in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., fourteen hundred and forty-eight convicts, a larger number than have ever before been in the prison at one time.

THE ex-Queen Isabella, who is returning from Paris for Spain, has written a letter to President MacMahon, thanking him for the kindness shown her during her eight years' residence in France.

BRUCE YOUNGER, a cousin of the notorious Younger brothers, has been arrested in Joplin, Mo., on suspicion of being one of a gang who robbed the railroad train near Centerville, a few weeks ago.

POPE PIUS IX. has created ninety-nine cardinals. Of these eleven have died. Of the sixty-one cardinals who witnessed his election only eight are now alive, and the oldest of these is in his eighty-fifth year.

IT is reported that Lone Wolff is on his way with 2,500 Northern Cheyennes to join the Sioux. The Indians are confident of success, and are waiting eagerly for the troops to march on their stronghold.

THE Mayor of Fordwich, England, is dead, after an uninterrupted tenure of office for twenty-eight years. It is the rule in the borough, if any person refuses to accept the office of Mayor, to pull down his house.

THE area of the Empire of China is much larger than that of the United States, and next to Russia is the largest in the world, the population being incomparably the largest, being one-third of the human race.

THE death rate in the City of Rome has experienced a sensible decrease within the last few months. It is evident that the expense of sanitation and the deviation of the Tiber is already bringing forth good fruit.

MISS RYLAND, who lately presented the town of Birmingham, England, with the Cannon Hill Park, has just given forty acres of land at Small Heath, valued at $150,000 for the formation of another park.

AN alligator which is now on exhibition at New Orleans measures sixteen and one-half feet in length, and has a proportionate breadth of back. The reptile was captured in the Pearl River without receiving any injury.

THE White Star Line Steamship Company's agents at Liverpool say they have heard nothing more about the projected Parliamentary excursion to Philadelphia, and are under the impression that it has fallen through.

THE President has signed the acts of Congress providing for the temporary expenditures of the government, for continuing the government printing and for the investigation of the Chinese immigration question.

THERE are one hundred and sixty-two driving parks in the United States. The value of the property held by these associations is estimated at $5,000,000, and that of the horses entered in a single year, $15,000,000.

MR. THOMAS M. GIBSONEY, a well known citizen of Fairfax county, Virginia, who resided near Centreville, was stricken with apoplexy while sitting on his front steps, recently, and fell to the ground below, breaking his neck.

THE free school in London, which is supported by the Jews, gives religious and secular education to 3000 children annually, at an expense of $87,000. The government inspector has allowed the school $9000 and praises its efficiency.

THE Williams College students will hereafter wear Oxford caps and gowns through the commencement season. There may be a spice of vanity in this new under-graduate wrinkle, but there are obvious good qualities in the gowns; they will equalize the class in respect of dress, and save many a student, who cannot afford it, either the expense of a dress-coat, or the often keenly-felt embarrassment of appearing on the platform without one.

THE French Chamber of Commerce are planning for a grand canal between Havre and Marseilles. One of the plans is for a ship canal 10 feet deep, 100 feet wide, across the Isthmus of Gonfolen and Languedoc, shortening the sea route by 800 miles.

A MANUSCRIPT copy of the Koran, copied by the Caliph Osman, the third after the prophet Mohammed, is in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. It formed a part of the library at Samarcand, is 1,200 years old, and bears traces of the blood that spirted on its pages when Osman was stabbed while reading.

THE Russian Grand Duke Michael and his wife, the Queen of Greece, the Duke Decazes and several French generals took dinner with Marshal MacMahon and wife on the 14th of July. After dinner a number of actors from the Theatre Francais entertained the guests with dramatic performances.

TWO men own 100,000 acres of land in San Joaquin and Santa Clara valleys, California, upon which they pay annually $40,000 yearly in taxes. Their names are Lux and Miller, and they began their business lives in San Francisco as butchers, without any capital. The land is used as breeding and pastures.

THE remnant of the wreck of the *Mercury* has been raised and placed in the dry-dock at the Norfolk navy yard. The timber, what there is left of it, will be utilized as the pews of the Old South Church are being, in supporting the tottering steps of those who are wealthy enough to purchase a sitting, for a wife.

THE atrocities committed by the Bashi Bazouks in Thessaly and Epirus have created such a sensation throughout Greece as to render the maintenance of neutrality difficult. A latter despatch says the relations between Greece and Turkey are assuming an increasingly serious aspect.

ADVICES from Slavonic sources confirm the intelligence of the complete defeat of the Turks on the 29th of July, near Urdiza. The Montenegrins captured three hundred Nizams, besides Osman Pacha. Five guns and several flags. The Turks attacked the Montenegrins at Katchani, but were repulsed. Selim Pacha was wounded.

TWO bales of new cotton were received at Savannah recently, one of Georgia and the other of Florida growth, consigned to J. W. Lathrop & Co., sold at 11c for Georgia and 15 1-16c for Florida; both were shipped to H. Baldwin, New York. The first bales last year were received on the 31st of July. Savannah is the first port to receive new cotton this year.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Salt Lake *Herald*, speaking of the recent report that the Great Salt Lake is rising, gives the result of his observations of the fluctuations of the water. A monument was put into the lake in September, and since that time it is found that the water of the lake has risen fourteen inches. In one place, where the pioneers walked over dry shod on a reef of rocks twenty-six years ago, the depth of the water is from two to eleven feet.

A great struggle is in progress in California between the managers of the bonanza mines (consolidated Virginia and California) and a powerful combination of capitalists headed by the Nevada clique. Flood and O'Brien, with the Nevada Bank, have now to withstand the onset, or step down and out, as they forced Ralston and his friends to do some time ago. Since the first of the year the stock of the mines managed by these men have declined $10,000,000.

A NEW apparatus for ventilating purposes has been introduced on the Elevated R. R. of New York. Fresh air is forced into the cellar at the rate of 1000 feet per minute by a fan wheel eight feet in diameter, and distributed over the house by means of a long narrow flue which extends across the front of the building. This arrangement insures an even distribution of the air, which blows in the faces of the audience, without the chill of a draft.

THE Newark and Clinton Horse Car Company have introduced an invention on their road whereby horses can be supplied with water while travelling. The arrangement, which is very simple, consists of a reservoir of water on the top of the car, with rubber tubes leading therefrom to the bits in the horses mouths, the bits being hollow and with a small hole in the side. The driver can at pleasure open the tubes and cause the water to run into the mouths of the animals.

IN Turkey, the Government has decided to issue paper money in order to meet the necessities created by the war. It is driven to this expedient by the utter distrust manifested throughout Europe of the solvency of the Ottoman Empire. There is considerable foundation for this want of confidence, inasmuch as the Turks have incurred a debt of $500,000,000 within the last twenty-two years, upon which they have to pay interest.

FIGHTING has taken place at several places in Turkey. The Turks repulsed the Servians at one point, but were defeated at Babinaglava, where their fortified camp was carried by assault after three hours' fighting. There was no indecisive conflict here as at Beclitza, but hostilities on a larger scale are reported to be in progress at Nitsch, where a strong Turkish force is assembled. The Montenegrins are proving effective allies, having already repulsed a Turkish force, and compelled Rukhtar Pacha to abandon Gatschko and retreat into Bosnia.

THE Cabinet list of President Grant up for the present writing is longer than that of any other President. There have been two Secretaries of State, the present Secretary, Hon. Hamilton Fish, being the oldest Cabinet officer retaining his place. There have been five Secretaries of the Treasury, including A. T. Stewart, not confirmed; four Secretaries of War; two Secretaries of the Navy; three Secretaries of the Interior, three Postmasters-General, and five Attorneys-General. This makes a total of twenty-four Cabinet officers during President Grant's administration.

DON'T FORGET IT.

The proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," is thus set forth in an old English ballad:

For want of a nail the shoe was lost.
For want of a shoe the horse was lost.
For want of a horse the rider was lost.
For want of a rider the battle was lost.
For want of the battle the kingdom was lost.
All for the want of a horse shoe nail.

THE fear of not succeeding, and the impression of this fear, often occasion too great are impotentcy in the pursuit of an enterprise. When circumspection and foresight together and prevents our doing, apprehension is more than half overcome; but whenever doubts are entertained of success, everything is decided on in haste and without discretion.

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.—*Rousseau.*

DRY UP THY TEARS, LOVE.

BY MOSA.

Dry up thy tears, lovely, I am wont to say
Since first the song of my early life I sang,
Grace for the music, so strikingly said,
Which softened me, and I was a child:
Years have gone by me, both lonely and long,
Since that spirit was soothed by thy voice, in
that music.

Years have gone by me, and fifty love-lands are
past,
And I stood on the hill which I sighed for, so
much,
But I turn from the summit that, me was my
stay.
To the vale of my childhood, seen dimly and
faint,
Each bright on its beauty seems softened and
dear,
Like a land that we love, in the light of the
heart.

There are the flowers that have withered
and gone,
And the hopes that have failed, like fairies
And the eyes that are glistened, and the smiles
that are gone,
And the tears that are there—but those still are
mine own.
Fair as the childhood, and fond as in youth,
Thou—only thou—art a spirit of truth!

Time hath been over thee, and darkened thine
eye,
And thoughts are within thee more holy and
high,
Sadder thy smile than in days that are over,
And no other all that was lovely before.
That which thou wert is not that which thou
art,
Thou too art altered in all—save in heart!

Lay on my bosom, and lead me along
Once more in the path of my youth and of song!
What if I weep at the visions of years
Which are not sorrow—and joy has for tears!
Sad as they be, and as sorrow is sad,
But only it is long since our heart was so glad.

All that is left of life's promise is here—
Thou, my young Grace—the only one dear!
But thy memories remind me of many days,
And though I am glad, love, I cannot be
merry.

Thou art a spirit that offered me truth,
Such thou wert—only thou—and the song of my
youth!

THE HISTORY OF A "PERSONAL."

BY ETTA E. HENRY.

"Oh, Grace, just listen to this 'personal.' I have a great notion to answer it, just for fun, you know." And Lottie Arlington read aloud, in a laughing voice, the following notice:

"W. C. would like a young lady correspondent, about eighteen, of wealth and personal attractions. Address W. C., *Herald* office."

"Wouldn't it be jolly fun, Grace, and I am tired to death of this old country village with no excitement whatever. I just believe I'll answer it."

"I wouldn't, Lottie," said quiet Grace Burke. "You might get yourself into trouble, besides, if Jack were to find it out, he might not approve of your writing to a strange man."

"Pshaw! Grace, Jack is not my husband yet, and he needn't know everything. Anyway, I don't believe he would care very much."

This latter remark was made a little doubtfully, and Miss Lottie's brown eyes wore a queer, somewhat frightened expression, as she thought of Jack's handsome face all clouded with reproach when she, "just for fun, you know," danced all the evening with a fascinating young cadet who certainly was not her affianced husband. But Lottie Arlington, a rich widower's spoiled darling, accustomed all her life to have her own way, never seriously thought of giving up that peculiarly feminine prerogative to any one, and although in the depths of her own warm little heart she thought her Jack perfection, she rarely by any chance allowed him to comprehend her real feelings, but, being possessed of a will, so determined and beset the poor fellow, that he was almost beside himself with jealous doubts and perplexities. So, after the first brief battle Miss Arlington decided on action, disengaged her small person from the huge rocking chair in which she had been reclining, and shaking out her rumpled morning dress, took herself to her writing desk and to an inspection of the contents of perfumed and colored note paper. She made a charming picture as she stood by the open window, with a thoughtful expression on her pretty face, while, as her head nodded and teased

DILLY AND THE BIG BLACK CAT,

By an Old-Fashioned Fellow

There was once a poor girl named Dilly, whose family were all dead; and having to support herself, she lived with a spiteful old dame, whose name was Matthew, and who abused and scolded her from morning till night, till the fairies decided to punish her for her cruelty. So one day there came to the door a great, awkward, freckled, hungry lad, who asked Dame Matthew to let him stay and work for her, and was so simple, that he agreed to do all the work on her farm for threepence a week. So the dame laughing to herself, softened him to stay, but that night he took a pinch of salt from her salt-cellar, and scattered it over everything in and around the house, saying, "Skrine, skrine, inbers, mitters, enters, outers," and at that the lungs clashed, and the tables danced, and the pump squeaked, and everything said, "We are yours, and will obey you."

So the next morning before light, the dame waked up with a queer sensation in her toes, and sitting up in bed, discovered that her shoes had placed themselves on her feet of their own accord; and before she had time to think of it, the shoes had whisked her shrieking up the chimney, and perched her on top, where she sat covered with soot, and squalling dismally for help, but quite unable to stir, till Dilly had made her fires, and got ready the breakfast, when the dame made her appearance in the kitchen. Now, for her own breakfast, she had ordered a cup of coffee and a chicken; but Dilly and the strange lad were to have nothing but some old crusts, and sour milk, sitting outside on the slops. Hardly, however, was the old woman at the table, when away went her chicken and coffee, and plumped themselves before Dilly and the boy, while the crusts and sour milk stood before the dame. She tried to rise, or call out, but could neither speak nor stir; and while she sat there helpless, she saw the chicken and coffee going down her servants' throats. She determined after breakfast to give Dilly a beating, but her hand stuck fast to the handle of her broomstick, and she could not get it away; while, though she tried her best to scold, not a word could she speak, but only sat in her chair, shrieking with rage, and glaring wickedly at her handmaid; and when Dilly had finished the work and commenced to sew, it was still worse for the every stitch the old woman twisted and screamed, because the needles ran into her flesh.

As there was no living like that, Dame Matthew determined to go and find an old witch, who should in turn punish Dilly, by turning her into a black cat; so she got out her hood and cloak, and her cane from the corner, and trudged away in the forest, and meeting a man driving along in his wagon, she asked him where the old witch lived.

"Go on three miles further," said the man, "and then turn to your right and cross the brook three times, and the third time turn to your left, and go another mile, and you will see what you will see," and away he drove as fast as his horses could gallop.

Of course Dame Matthew could tell little about the road by such directions as that, but she determined to trudge ahead, and see what would come of it. The way was very rough—going straight up a steep hill—and she was quite out of breath, and the sun coming out, above so hotly that she was quite faint. Coming to a spring, she thought that she would take out her lunch from her pocket, and then she found that she had lost it. She tried to drink of the water, getting down on her knees and carrying it to her hands to her lips, but handing too far forward, bobbed back in over head into the stream. Spite of so many misadventures, she was still quite determined to persevere, so angry was she with Dilly, and though every bone ached after her ducking, she trotted forward as fast as her old legs would carry her, but presently she came to a great thicket of thorny brambles, growing higher than her head, and so close together that she tried in vain to force them apart, and only scratched herself, till she screamed with pain. So she was obliged to turn back again, and hobbling along, sulkily enough, she met a girl singing.

"Where has the old witch live?" asked Dame Matthew.

"Oh," said the girl, staring, "you had better not go there; she is an evil old dame, and plays everybody a trick that comes near her."

"That is my business," answered Dame Matthew, crossly. "All you have to do is to answer a civil question if you know how."

"Well," said the girl, laughing, "if you will go, turn down this road, and walk till you see three trees growing on one trunk, and there you will find her."

Then the dame turned down the road, and hobbled along as fast as she could, looking all the way for three trees growing on one trunk, till at last the road ended against a great rock.

"I must have passed it," thought Dame Matthew. And back she went, looking still sharper than before, and so busy about it, that she ran against another old woman, coming along the path.

"Mind what you are about, can't you?" said this old woman, in a squeaking voice.

"You had better mind what you are about," answered Matthew, in a rage. "You have almost knocked the breath out of me."

"You ought to be home and in your bed, since you are so blind you can't see," said the stranger woman.

"I am not blind, and I can see," screeched the dame; "only I wasn't looking for any such miserable object as you."

"And what were you looking for? Haven't you asked everybody you met where to find the witch, and turn your face to the brambles, and got a ducking, in trying to find her; and now you are such an old idiot that you do not know me when you see me? What do you want of me, Dame Crumpsich?"

Matthew was much frightened to think that she had spoken so rudely to the witch, and answered very softly, "Oh, dear Mrs. Witch, I hadn't the least idea that it was you, or I should have been more civil. You see my temper is quite spoiled, though I used to be the best-natured creature in the world, by the wickedness of my girl Dilly; and she has tormented me so lately, that I have come to ask you to please to turn her into a black cat—as ugly one, if you please, Mrs. Witch—as ugly as one."

"But why don't you send her away?" I wouldn't turn anyone into a cat, if I were you," said the witch.

"But, no, no," cried Matthew, stamping

[illegible] "Very good," said the witch; "go home and see. The witch thinks it true that I should turn you into an ugly black cat." Now see if you can see it."

Of course I can," said Matthew, and commenced in a hurry, and instead of saying what she was told, said, in her haste, "The witch thinks it best that I should be turned into a black cat."

She had hardly spoken the words, when there she stood, the ugliest cat that ever yowled, but Dilly lived in comfort for the rest of her days.

A CURE FOR INDIANS.

When Mark Twain, in 1867, resigned his clerkship to the United States Senate Committee on Concharge, it was partly caused by his sense of the following act concerning the treatment of the Indians in the West. "I never went to the Secretary of War who was not inclined to see me at all until he learned I was connected with the government. If I had not been on important business, I would not have gone, but I got in. I asked for a light (it was smoking at the time), and then told him I had no fault to find with his defending the peace stipulations of General Lee and his comrades in arms, but that I could not approve of his method of fighting with the Indians down on the Plains. I said he fought now as he fought them many years ago. He would not get them together. He would not get them to one convenient place, where he should have provisions enough for both parties, and then have a general massacre. I said there was nothing so convincing to the Indians as a general massacre. If he could not approve of the massacre, I said the next surest thing for an Indian was soap and education. Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run, because a half-massacred Indian may recover, but if you educate him and wash him it is bound to finish him some time or other. It undermines his constitution; it strikes at the foundation of his being. "Sir," I said, "the time has come when blood-curdling cruelty has become unnecessary. Inflict soap and a spelling book on every Indian that ravages the Plains, and let him die."

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

The old bells that hung in the tower of the Limerick Cathedral were made by a young Italian after many years of patient toil. He was proud of his work, and when they were purchased by the price of a neighboring convent near the lake of Como, the artist invested the profits of the sale in a pretty villa on the margin of the lake, where he could hear their angelic music wafted from the convent cliff across the water at morning, noon, and night. Here he intended to pass his life; but this happiness was denied him. In one of those fearful broils which, whether civil or foreign, are the undying curse to a fallen land, he saw fired the loss of his all, and when the alarmed passed he found himself without home, family, friends and fortune. He convent had been razed to the ground, and the whole of many of his handsome, the fanciful villas whose music had charmed his listening ear for so many happy days of his past life, had been carried away to a foreign land. He became a wanderer. His fair grace white and his heart withered before he again found a resting place. In all these years of [illegible] of the music of his bells never left him; he heard it in the forest and in the crowded city, on the sea and by the banks of the quiet stream and in the bustle of the hills; he heard it by day, and when night came, and troubled sleep, it whispered to him soothingly of peace and happiness. One day he met a mariner from over the sea, who told him a story of a wondrous chime of bells he had heard in Ireland. An intuition told the artist that they were his bells. He journeyed and engaged thither, sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. He ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small boat for the purpose of landing. Before him the tall spire of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming from his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES SCORBUTIC ITCHINGS, CHRONIC SKIN AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS AND ITS ATTENDANTS OF THE BLOOD, PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION AND COSTIVENESS, HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES, FEMALE IRREGULARITIES, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, SORE EYES, SCROFULA, ETC.

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THE FASHIONS.

A RETROSPECT

ABOUT THE PRIZE PUZZLE

MILLIE'S PROPOSAL.

THE HIGH FORCE.

SCIENTIFIC.

CORRESPONDENCE.